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Poetry.

EVENING ON THE HUDSON.

soon hath deserted her watch-tower on high,
the stars are all out in the beautiful sky;
Meno looks up from this valley below,
the white harvest gleams like the wind-drifted
now,
her cone-fashioned pines, cold, gloomy and
still,
The soft winds guard the sheep on the hill;
the meadows are glancing about
but lamps which the fairies have brought to
their court.
racket doles out a monotonous song
6 hours as they noiselessly saunter along,
the tulip is crooking his bended arm strain,
making his plaint to the night in vain;
a silent bairn—the murmuring brook
he sends the fair grass, nor disturbs the tall
reef
might for this moment the world had been
made—
the world was created this moment of shade—
of Nature! O, turn not away
its peace to the rude Saturnals of Day.

the Hudson winds waveless and quietly by,
the shallows at rest on its broad bosom lie;
beyond the blue lines of the Kastles are spread,
clouds far a distant, and the long,
a golden hair for its head and bright,
the quiet star of evening, the glow of night,
hath eyes that can see and will wonder abroad,
mankindly gaze on this Temple of God!
sloshing earth, and the dimless heaven,
the shade and the sunshine—gloomily given!
Eve for the thoughtful, and Day for the glad,
a season of rest for the weary and sad.
aeb's busy busi bath down near to its close,
the heart-broken pilgrim shall part for repose,
the stars still beam forth from their regions of
the sun,
may this night be as calm as tranquill as this.

If I have made both ends meet, I will be
satisfied," was his usual mental declaration,
when he proceeded to make up his
account for the year. It was different
now.

If I don't have five or six hundred dollars over, I shall be much mistaken!"—
This was the pleasant remark of Mr. Lane
to himself, as he began the work of ascertaining
the result of his year's business.—
All came out pretty much as he had expected.
There was a balance in his favor
of about six hundred dollars, after a liberal
margin had been allowed for certain bad
and doubtful accounts.

"Things begin to look a little brighter,"
said Mr. Lane, as he sat alone with his
wife on New Year's eve. The younger
children were in bed, and the two oldest
daughters, Kate and Emily, were out,
spending the evening with a friend. This
was said after taking a cigar from his
mouth, and letting the smoke curl lazily
about his head, which was reclining on
the back of a cushioned rocking-chair.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," replied
Mrs. Lane. And she spoke from her heart.
New Year's eve had not always been a
cheerful time.

"I've been looking over my affairs to-
day," continued the husband, "and find
myself better off than I was at this time last
year, by at least six hundred dollars."

"That is encouraging."

"I feel it so. I trust things are to be
easier in future, and that we will get a lit-
tle beforehand in the world. It is time;
for I will soon be in years, and less able to
give active attention to business."

"I'm pleased on more than one account,"
said Mrs. Lane, "to hear that you have
done so well this year. I've been a good
deal worried to-day about a bill that I had
no idea would be half as large as it is. It
was sent in this morning."

"Whose bill is that?" asked Mr. Lane,
with an apparent change of feeling.

"Mr. Mercer's bill for dry goods."

"I didn't know there was a bill there."

"O yes. Don't you remember that you
told me to get whatever the family wanted
from him?"

"I didn't mean to run up a bill, though."

"It was so understood by me. But that
makes little difference. If the money had
been paid down, the cash would not be on
hand now."

"How much is the bill?"

"I'm 'most afraid to say."

"How much?"

"One hundred and thirty dollars."

"Why, Anna! Bless my heart! How
in the world could you run up a bill like
that?"

"I've bought very little for myself," re-
plied the rebuked wife, in a subdued and
choking voice. "Nearly all has been
used for you and the children."

"A hundred and thirty dollars! Oh
dear! dear! dear!" ejaculated Mr. Lane,
throwing his cigar into the grate, and begin-
ning to rock himself violently. So
much of my six hundred dollars' profit
scattered to the winds! I wonder how
many more bills you will have coming in!"

This was downright cruel; and so Mrs.
Lane felt it. She did not, however, punish
him for the ungenerous remark with tears,
for she was not a woman disposed on all
occasions to give way to weakness. Her
reply was—

"None that the wants of the family have
not required to be made."

"But I wished you to pay cash, Anna.
You know that, last January, when we
were almost smothered with bills from all
quarters, we made a resolution to pay cash
for everything during the coming year;
and I thought this had been done."

"I know very well that such a thing
was talked about," replied Mrs. Lane;

"and I believe acted upon for a time."

Mr. Lane read them over, and then
placed them under a paper-weight on his
desk, uttering at the same time, a long
drawn sigh.

The morning paper was yet unread.
It lay upon the desk beside Mr. Lane; and,
from habit more than from any desire to
make it sticky, I thought this had been done."

"This was a good resolution. But did
Mr. Lane and his family abide by it?"

Next January will tell."

And I also knew that you yourself told me
to open an account to Mercer's in the
Spring, when I asked you for money to
purchase summer clothing for the family.

"I didn't mean to have it go beyond
that," said Mr. Lane, modifying his tone.—

"But what other bills are there?"

"There is a bill at Cheeseman's for
groceries."

"That can't be much, for I have bought
almost everything in quantities."

"No, I don't suppose it will amount to
anything of consequence."

"Any other bills?"

"No; none, except the bread bill."

"I thought you paid cash for bread?"

"We never did that, Mr. Lane. The
baker serves us daily, marking on his tally-
stick the number of loaves; and once in
three or six months sends in the bills, when
it is paid."

"How long has his bill been running?"

"Six months, I believe."

"And will be forty or fifty dollars."

"Not half of it," replied Mrs. Lane.

"Well, what else is there?"

"Nothing more, I believe."

"I hope not. Here are about two hun-
dred dollars cut at a blow from the sup-
posed profits of the year. Confound these
bills! I wish there was no such thing as
occurred in former years."

Mr. Lane was, as a matter of course, un-
happy from that moment. Had these bills
not existed, and the surplus of the year
shown the pleasant aggregate of four hun-
dred dollars, he would have been quite as
happy as when he figured it up at six hun-
dred. But, in imagination, he had been better
off by two hundred dollars than the truth
now discovered him to be, and the loss was
felt as real. The remainder of the evening
passed gloomily enough. When Mr. Lane
retired to bed, he could not sleep for thinking
of the dry goods, grocery, and bread
bills. While he lay awake, memory
assisted him to the knowledge of two or
three other little matters of the same kind.
There was an unsettled tailor's bill that
might take twenty-five or thirty dollars to
balance; and the boot-maker had something
else—
Two bushels of oats and three barrels of apples that he had ordered
sent home in October, were yet to be paid for.
At least fifty dollars more of his
year's wants vanished.

At last, Mr. Lane fell asleep, and dream'd
all night of bills that came almost in a shower
around him. On New Year morning, he
sat silently and moodily at the breakfast-table,
eating but little, and looking no one in the face.
All were oppressed by his state of mind, though none but his wife
knew its nature and the cause from which
it was produced.

It was early when Mr. Lane went to his
place of business, on the morning of the
first of January; not so early, however, but
that one or two persons had preceded him,
and left behind them visible tokens of the
fact. On his desk were a couple of sealed
notes. He opened them with a vague pre-
sentiment of something disagreeable, and he
was not disappointed. The first contained
a narrow slip of paper, with a printed
head, and certain written characters and
figures below, which plainly enough ex-
pressed the fact that he was indebted to a
certain dealer in groceries in the sum of
seventy-six dollars.

"O dear!" was the mental exclamation
of pain that followed the perusal of this
bill.

"That is a little piece of paper, three or
four inches wide and six inches long,
should have such power over the feelings of
a man."

The next billet was opened with a more
nervous state of mind.

"Clear out you black rascal!" exclam-
ed the sufferer, in a passionate voice.

"If you say bill to me I'll cut your ears off!"

Such an unexpected reception from "Mas-
ter Lane," who had been looked upon by
Peter as one the most amiable men in the
world, completely astounded the poor neg-
ro; and he beat a hasty retreat, glancing
back every now and then to see if an in-
killing was not about to follow.

"Little bill, massa Lane," said the ne-
gro, producing, as he spoke a dingy piece
of paper.

This was too much. It was an ordeal
that what overstrained patience could bear.

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By this time, human patience, at least
so far as Mr. Lane was concerned, had
become well-nigh exhausted. He felt like
making a very severe application of his
invade promises with a bill. He was
sitting at his desk, in this very amiable
mood, with the bills he had received since
morning spread out before him, and a slip
of paper in his hand, upon which the whole
of the sums they called for, amounting to
four hundred and sixty-nine dollars and
sixty-six cents, had been added up, when
he heard the door open and shut. Turn-
ing, with a nervous start, he saw the fa-
miliar face of an old negro who had pro-
duced his bills for the last half dozen years.
He knew his errand, and felt that this was
like adding insult to injury. Peter came
shuffling back towards the desk at which
Lane remained seated with contracted
brows, revealing, at each step, more and
more of his polished ivory.

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killing was not about to follow.

"What?" says f, "will you do with your
father, if he continues to drink ardent
spirits to excess?"

"Oh, Sir, when we get him on the farm
he will feel at home; he will be happy at
home; he will work at home; and become
a sober man."

I then replied:—"Young man, these
are your principles so young, I recommend
you to improve on them, and the
blessing of God will attend you."

By this time the receiver handed him
his duplicate receipt, for his forty acres of
land. Rising from his seat on leaving the
office, he said, "At last I have a home for
my mother."

At the south-east part of the town the
few simple houses of the fine headlands is now in
wealthy strangers, whose alternate cottages and
mansions, built or in progress, give an
elegant air to the rustic sylvan scene.

In these new streets the white clover and
poa pratense, unmolested by the poor man's
cow, is now growing luxuriantly under the
influence of this cool, moist atmosphere.

Here, it is true, there is no mountain
scenery, but the matchless bay with its dented
rocks and picturesque islands on the one
hand, and the infinite ocean on the other,
which is now in full swing summer day
and night, rolling its tall ground swell on ledge and
sea beach, where it breaks in wreaths
of snow-white foam, giving forth a reverberation
that is still only by the advent of the
wind and the noisy tempest. If, as
it has been said, Newport is the paradise
of the fish-eating gull, and the ichthyologist
there is perhaps no other spot in
so high a latitude, so rich in marine flora
and fauna, as this.

"Ah me! was breatheth forth heavily, at
last; and raising himself up, he gathered
together the bills that were spread out before
him, and thrusting them in the desk, turned
the key with a firm hand, making the
lock click as the bolt sprang to its place.

When Mr. Lane went home that evening,
his mind was calm. He had passed
through a day of sad trial and disappointment;
but he knew the worst, and was prepared for it.

When the milk bill, mid-
linner's and mantua-maker's bills and sundry
other little bills were laid before him,
he exhibited no emotion. They were to
his feelings like a gentle breeze after a
violent tempest. But on one thing he was
resolved; and that was to pay cash in
future for everything.

"There must be no January bills next
year, said he to his family, after he had
looked at the sum to pay long enough to
be able to speak on the subject without
embarrassment.

"Let cash be paid for everything in the time to come. If the
money isn't in hand when the want presents
itself, let the want wait!"

This was a good resolution. But did
Mr. Lane and his family abide by it?

Next January will tell.

Having received the kindest welcome
by my next of kin; and my other precious
friends of Newport, I can only speak from
report of the now overflowing life at the
great hotel here. At 10 o'clock, every
fair morning, the beach is covered with a
living multitude, in omnibus, in carriages,
on horseback and on foot; here are "fair
women from every clime where woman
smiles or sighs"; now in the little bathing
houses, and now in bathing hat, and gown
of fancy cut and many colors; now tread-
ing the hard packed magnificent sand beach,
and now sporting in the rolling surf; often
accompanied with those of the other sex less
Neptune daring than themselves.

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report

RAILROADS.

"Wherever railroads have been built in this country, the inevitable consequence has been to enhance the value of property in the neighborhood. Depots have been established along the lines for the reception and shipment of freight; and from these simple depots flourishing towns have grown up, magic-like, and anomalous as it may appear, but in few instances without producing any diversion of trade from one place to another, seeming rather to create of themselves business for themselves—thus, by facilities of communication adding to population, and by population adding to the wealth and prosperity of the country."

The above comes from the Cincinnati Railroad Record, a paper posted up in all matters relating to American Railroads, and published in a city that is the centre of roads running in all directions, and which are adding materially to the wealth and prosperity of the West. We might quote from papers printed in other sections, of the advantages derived by all branches of business by the opening of railroads, but it would only be so many different ways of expressing the same thing—that railroads create of themselves business for themselves, add to the value of land, open new sources of wealth, give the farmer a market at his own door, extend commerce, build up towns and increase the prosperity of every section brought under their influence.

A table recently published, illustrates this in giving the value of a ton of Corn and a ton of Wheat at a given distance from market, as effected by the cost of transportation by railroad, and over the ordinary road. From this table it appears that a ton of corn is estimated not to be worth hauling, by wagon, when 170 miles from market; while at the same distance upon a line of railroad it would be worth \$22.20. A ton of wheat 230 miles from market is not worth the hauling by wagon, but by railroad it would be worth \$44.50. This in itself shows the relative value of railroads and the old means of transportation. And on this Island results in precisely the same ratio would follow if a road was once opened to traffic. As it is now, the farmer plants no more than experience teaches him the market, or as it is offered to him, requires. And when he gathers in his produce it has to be hauled to market in carts, at a considerable cost, reckoning time and labor and the expense of keeping teams for the express purpose; and after all this has been done, he is in a measure dependant upon a limited demand. But open the road to him and he may plant and raise as much as he has room for. And when his crops are gathered in and his stock is ready for market, he has only to look over his paper to learn the ruling prices, and send his wares to the market, to be delivered East or West, as he may see fit to decide. The railroad has opened him a market, and the time once spent in peddling his crops can be judiciously employed in preparing for another season. Not is this all; the road has increased the value of his land materially, and articles that were once counted unprofitable or not worthy of attention, are found to be in demand, and if sent to market by the railroad will pay all the cost of production and leave a handsome margin.

The question arises: Are we to have a railroad to connect this island with the mainland, and if so when and how is it to be built?

A considerable portion of our columns to-day we devote to an account of the shipwreck of the steamer San Francisco, which is one of the most appalling scenes we remember ever to have read of. No one who was not imprisoned in that helpless wreck can for a moment conceive of all the horrors of such a situation—the ocean lashed into the wildest fury, the mad waves exulting over their work of destruction, the dead and the dying spread on every side, with no hope, powerless and expecting that every surge of the sea would swallow them up in its dark waters—who can understand a scene so agonizing and overpowering.

Vessels are often lost at sea and all on board perish, but the terrible effects of the storm and all the scenes enacted on board that ill-starred steamer for fourteen days and nights, are described in a manner that will convey to the reader some impression of the distress and suffering experienced and borne by men, women and tender bairns.

The rescued passengers and crew have been cared for by the citizens of New York. Hotels and private dwellings have been liberally thrown open to all who saw fit to avail themselves of the proffered hospitality, and they have been made as comfortable as can be for persons in their distressed situation.

The subject of the loss of the San Francisco has been brought before Congress in a proper manner, and it has already been proposed that the officers and soldiers receive from the treasury four months' pay and their allowance for that time; and it has been left to a committee to decide upon the most appropriate mark of the public admiration of the conduct of the officers of the Three Bells, Antarctic and Kirby, in rescuing their fellow citizens from a watery grave.

We learn that the owners of the Brig Cardiff, recently condemned and sold at Wilmington, N. C., have purchased at Boston, the new Schooner John Pierce, of 200 tons burthen. She was built by Messrs. John Pierce & Co., of Belfast, Me., of Hackmias, (P. P.) &c.; has a superior model, and is in every respect a very desirable vessel. The John Pierce will be commanded by Capt. S. T. M. Will, whose services entitle him to as good a craft as can be obtained.

The news by each steamer confirms the impression that the Chinese Insurgents are likely to prevail in all their principal movements, to the ultimate overthrow of the Tartar dynasty. They have obtained possession of Shanghai with but little sacrifice, and a small band of Insurgents within the walls are more than a match for the thousands of besiegers, and have repelled their attacks for five weeks. It is said the number of imperialists assembled before the city walls was not less than 5000, but they are disheartened by the success of their enemies and do not come to the work by an appreciative audience.

The subject was not finally treated last night, the speaker stating that it would require a course of lectures to present all the different points from which it should be viewed; but so far as he followed out the theory of the Socialist, he divested it of many of those objectionable features which have done so much to bring it into dispute. We have never objected to the broad principles of a socialist doctrine, as we understand them, for they are founded on love of man to man, as well as love of man towards his Maker; to do good to all men, seek the happiness of our fellows as well as our own and share in common all things that we possess—having one common centre, the elevation of man and the development of all his faculties, moral and physical. However desirable this may be and however it may accord with the doctrines of the scripture, we feel that it is impracticable to any extent in this selfish age.

On raising the great mass of men from their moral degradation, give them a sense of what is required in that position of life in which it has pleased God to call them, and when they are taught to act up to these life-giving principles, the Socialist will have attained his end and at the same time we shall have the millennium on earth. But we are not now disposed to discuss the theory of the Socialist; it has its attractions and may yet be more widely extended, but not until man has made a very decided advance towards a more elevated position, can he combine with his fellows for mutual aid and improvement.

The insurgents, however, are sometimes equally well caught. An old woman who kept an opium shop, enticed eighteen men into an upper room, outside the city wall, and when her victims were stupefied with the noxious fumes, some armed men entered and killed the poor wretches thus cruelly exposed to their attack.

The London Examiner publishes an article on the pauper population of England and Ireland, going to show that the number of persons requiring relief has greatly diminished during the last year and that this falling off is no less than 22 per cent., and adds:—"the most effectual cause for the depletion of work-houses, is the growing demand for labor, while emigration has reduced the number of hands." This more favorable state of things refers more particularly to Ireland, though England has been considerably benefited in this respect. But while our trans-Atlantic neighbors are relieved of a great burthen, those who have quit the work-houses and would not or could not find employment at home, have landed on our shores, henceforth to be supported by the country. A good class of honest, industrious emigrants cannot fail to make themselves acceptable to a country possessing large and uncultured tracts of land, but a pauper population infest our cities, living as they may, to the charitably disposed, doing much harm to society and productive of no good.

It was not many years ago that a beggar in America was a sight rarely to be seen. It is different now, as every one knows who is familiar with the sights and scenes in New York. These paupers—all foreigners—are seen in Broadway, the narrow and dark cross streets, along the piers and docks, seated on the walks and steps of public buildings—all wearing a woe-begone expression as they extend their hands in supplication for a pitance. An American is never seen in this degrading position.

SOCIAL EVILS.—The New York Herald says there are six thousand persons in that city who subsist upon the public charities, in addition to which there are probably ten thousand more, the victims of poverty and wretchedness, who are entirely dependent upon private charity or benevolent societies. This statement does not take into consideration the thousands of both sexes, who, between pride and want, are starving by slow degrees in unventilated garrets and mephitic cellars; nor the twenty thousand abandoned females of the modern Gotham. The Herald simply takes the list of those dependent from day to day upon public or private charity for their existence, and significantly asks abolition philanthropists if there is anything in the South to compare with such a dismal army of paupers?

Farmers should sow plenty of spring wheat, and plant any quantity of Indian corn. The Baltic and Black seas will certainly be closed for at least a twelve month. England and Western and Southern Europe will have to look to the United States alone for a supply of public buildings—all wearing a woe-begone expression as they extend their hands in supplication for a pitance. An American is never seen in this degrading position.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

The Illustrated Record of the New York Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations—Geo. P. Putnam & Co., New York; C. E. Hammett, Jr., New York, XXI and XXII numbers, containing parts No. 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, respectively, and it is every reader that the record of the exhibition may yet see. The illustrations equal anything that has appeared in the London Art Journal, in artistic feeling and mechanical execution, and we turn over page after another with pride and pleasure to see what success has attended the labors of the designer. The whole cost of the Record exceeds \$30,000 and some of the issues alone have been attended with an expense of two thousand dollars. Every article has been daguerreotyped, then accurately drawn on wood by the best artists in the country, and engraved by the best workmen without regard to expense, and all this is done solely at the cost of the publisher. This costly record could only be covered by a very large sale.

The reading matter in these numbers is very interesting. Some of the longer articles—that for instance on the Freshfield Lights and on Glass—are elaborate and thorough treatises, embodying nearly all the facts known on the subject to which they relate. The Illustrated Record will be a valuable work long after the exhibition closes.

Hurd's Merchant's Magazine.—The January number is before us—it is the opening one of the 25th volume of the Commercial Review. The embellishment is a half-length engraving of the late Hon. James G. King, accompanied by a memoir full of interest and encouragement, especially to the young. The most important article in the number is on the Commercial and Political relations of Japan with the rest of the World. It is from the pen of Wm. J. Bradford, Esq., and the principal facts in regard to the commercial and consular relations of the Japanese are drawn from the works of Koenigsegg, Siebold, Mac Farlane and other authorities. Reviewing the evidence, the writer comes to the conclusion that "the trade with Japan does not promise great results." He losing a business, and were glad to give up the largest part of it to the government." A statistical review of the Cotton trade is furnished by Fred McClay of South Carolina College, and Mr. Enoch Hale, Jr., continues his series of papers on the Commerce of the United States. Added to the above, there is its journal of mercantile law, commercial news, marine intelligence, &c., editorial suggestions &c. The present is the proper time to subscribe to this work, and to the Merchant will prove of great assistance.

The New Bedford Mercury states that drafts were received in that city on Tuesday and Wednesday, from the whaling fleet, to the amount of nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

MAYOR CALVERT'S LECTURE.

The second of the course of lectures in aid of benevolent objects, was delivered on Thursday evening at the Atlantic House, by Hon. Geo. H. Calvert—subject, Socialism. The night was dark, though it did not storm, as was feared, and the house was well filled by an appreciative audience.

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STEAMER SAN FRANCISCO, LOST!

After a painful suspense of several days, we have received news of the fate of the steamship San Francisco, and those who left New York in her for California. The British ship Three Bells, Capt. Creighton, arrived Friday night, with the sad intelligence of the total loss of the San Francisco, with about two hundred lives, and the joyful news of the saving of over five hundred—officers of the army, their wives, passengers, soldiers, and officers and crew of the steamer.

The details of this terrible disaster are given in the following

STATEMENT BY ONE OF THE PASSENGERS.

On Monday, December 21, the troops, consisting of eight companies of the Third Regiment of Artillery, were embarked from steamboats on board the steamer, then anchored in the North River. They numbered, rank and file, some five hundred men. The officers, with their families, together with the soldiers' wives and females—a certain portion of whom were allowed to each company—brought up the number to about six hundred. There were twenty or thirty other passengers. The crew numbered from one hundred to one hundred and fifty; so that, all told, we were between seven hundred and fifty and eight hundred souls on board.

On Wednesday morning the steamer dropped down to the Quarantine, and anchored for the night. On Thursday, the 22d, after having been detained for two or three hours, waiting for a dilatory officer, she weighed anchor about 10 o'clock, and stood out to sea. At 12 passed Sandy Hook, and discharged our pilot.

Our voyage was now fairly commenced. A succession of constantly recurring and oft-repeated delays had delayed our departure week after week, and month after month. At last every obstacle had been overcome, and the gallant ship, with her head pointed to the southwest, moved steadily, though not swiftly, on her course.

She was deeply laden—far too deeply, as the result proved. Her engines were new and untried, and the strain upon them great. Thursday was a lovely morning, the sea calm and smooth, with gentle breezes from the northwest. Whatever gloomy forebodings might have existed, seemed quieted by so fair a passage.

Friday morning, the 23d, rose brightly on our course. We had entered the Gulf Stream, and the weather, which yesterday had been chilly, and caused the ladies and children to gather about the stove, had become mild. The wind still from the northwest, with sea enough to cause the dinner table to be comparatively deserted. The day passed without incident of any kind, and gave no presage of the awful disaster to come.

Immediately after tea I retired to my room, and after reading two hours as quietly as if on shore, undressed and retired.

There was more roll to the ship than I had previously experienced, and the wind seemed freshening; but I thought nothing of it. But I soon found there was no sleeping. It soon blew a gale. The ship rolled and pitched to a degree that it was difficult to keep my berth. All the books and loose articles upon the table were thrown about in an alarming manner.

At 11 o'clock I could bear it no longer. I rose, dressed hurriedly, and went up upon the deck. My room was on the upper deck, as I stepped on deck, was terrific. The sea was a complete mass of foam, boiling and swelling like a cauldron. The gale was terrific. The steamer had broached to twice, and had really become unmanageable. Her head was towards the wind. The whole crew were engaged in strenuous but vain efforts to take in the sails. They were blown to ribbons. The foremast—was wreathing and twisting like a young sapling. It was large enough for the mainmast of a 1,000 ton ship. The fury of the tempest was such that I could not stand before it a moment; but I seized the iron brace connecting the king bolts, and surveyed the scene for a moment. Then I threw myself on my hands and knees, and made for the nearest hatch to get below. This happened to be over the forward galley. Swinging myself down by the cabin, I reached the main deck. Here a scene of confusion indescribable and confounding presented itself. Four hundred soldiers were berthed on this deck, in double rows of stanchions, three tiers each. They had all crept from their berths; most of the standees had been broken and thrown down. The live stock, of which there was considerable, had escaped from their pens on the same deck, and soldiers, bullocks, calves, pigs, sheep and poultry, were all mingled together amid the broken stanchions. The steamer's guards had been carried away some time previously, and the sea washed over the deck with every roll of the ship. The lanterns were extinguished, and the darkness was almost total. I made an effort to reach the after cabin, but found it impossible. With my penknife I cut a leather belt from one of the soldier's knapsacks hanging around, and fastening it to a carline, made a secure place to hold on. I remained there towards an hour, the storm all the while increasing. About one o'clock the foremast came down almost over my head, crushing in the hurricane deck. I feared now that the deck would be swept clean of everything, and determined to seek refuge below. I went into the steerage, but as they commenced battening down the hatch, with perhaps two hundred soldiers in it, I left, and went to the second cabin, occupied by the non-commissioned officers and their families. I was wet to the skin and chilled through. After waiting here for two hours, with no abatement in the fury of the gale, I crept into one of the soldier's berths, pulled a blanket over me, and after a while fell asleep. The first ray of dawn awoke me. I arose, and through the steerage and pantry succeeded in gaining the main saloon. Saturday morning, the 24th, had at last dawned upon us, and this was the first time we had been up.

The steam pump had become obstructed.

Fifty soldiers were detailed to commence baling. All day and all night the work went on without intermission. Still, with every roll the ship took in large quantities of water, and we gained little upon the leak.

Sunday morning, the 25th, the day of the Antarctic, three days out from New York, bound for Liverpool. She had five good boats. And after enduring the agony of suspense for so many days it seemed that the hour of deliverance had at last arrived.

With the aid of the Antarctic's boats we could all be conveyed on board the English ship, now ascertained to be the Three Bells, Captain Creighton, of Glasgow, bound for New York. The Bells had experienced much rough weather, and was leaky.

On Tuesday evening we succeeded in putting a sergeant and six soldiers on board of the Bells.

On Wednesday morning, the 26th, the work of disembarking commenced in earnest.

The sick, of whom there was a large number, and some in a dying condition, were wrapped in blankets, brought on deck, and lowered carefully into the boats.

On the 27th, the work was completed.

On the 28th, the Bells had arrived at Liverpool.

Captain Watkins, not to be overcome by any difficulty, commenced the construction of rafts.

They seemed but a frail dependence and providentially they were not needed.

Other means of relief were at hand.

On Monday, the 2d of January, the sea calmed so much that towards evening the English ship lowered her yawl boat, and our second mate, Mr. Gratian, went on board of her.

On Tuesday, the 3d January, our hearts

were not gladdened by a single sail. The hours dragged on most heavily. The abundance of provisions on board, but it was almost impossible to get them cooked.

The roll of the ship was so heavy that the

provisions were thrown from the galley.

When we could get a cup of hot tea with

our hard biscuit it was a treat; and when a

roasted potato and piece of fried pork was

added to our bill of fare became a sumptuous repast.

We attempted to issue tea to

the sick, but it was not to be wondered that

the poor soldiers sickened and died.

During the night of Friday and Saturday

we are happy to say—the Titan

was

below making her way again

which was dead against her.

At about four o'clock in the

Messrs. Hoiland & Aspinwall,

the powerful steamer Titan

to Thompson,

in order to get her

night, it at all possible.

The

furnished by the firm with a

large

of warm clothing, both for

the females, a quantity of blankets,

and fresh provisions.

In addition, her master was

to extend an invitation to all the

to proceed at once to the private

each or any member of the firm

land & Aspinwall, and to

ourselves as at home there so

un

LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Steamship Baltic arrived at New York about 1 o'clock Thursday morning. She left Liverpool about 9 o'clock on Thursday, the 29th ult., and brings 64 passengers.

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A correspondent of the London Times says that the proceedings of the American commissioner and American vice consul as regards neutrality are considered somewhat equivocal, and the insurgent chief has addressed a letter on the subject. The British consul has intimated that no more dues will be paid by British traders until the city is again under Tartar sway.

On the other hand Mr. Marshall insists on payment in silver, against which the American merchants have vehemently protested. Of the progress of the insurrection in the north we have no reliable accounts. Ningpo was quiet.

Amoy on Nov. 5th was expected to be speedily retaken by the Imperialists.

At Canton there was nothing new.—The city remained quiet. Trade in imports was again languid, and the late improvements in yarns and shirtings was not maintained. Exchange had fallen to 5 1/2 per dollar. The price of tea was maintained, and fine qualities were scarce.

At Shanghai shipments of tea were active. In imports there was but little doing.

Mr. Marshall was a Macao awaiting the arrival of his successor.

At Whampoa U. S. ships-of-war Macedonian, Mississippi, Powhatan, and Supply. At Macao storehouse Southampton.—At Cunmingnoon the Vandals.

The Europa, from Liverpool, arrived at New York Tuesday morning, bringing our files of English journals to the 31st of December, and Paris intelligence of the 29th. The aspect of affairs in the East remained almost unchanged from the day the Baltic sailed.

There is little news from France or England. Parliament had been further prorogued to the 31st of this month. An imperial decree of the French government makes important concessions to the cotton traders of England.

It was said that the Emperor of France had received a despatch from Madrid, stating that Mr. Soule, Sen., had been killed in a second duel at Madrid, but the report required confirmation.

LONDON, Friday, Dec. 30, 1853.

England is making active preparations for a war with Russia—for the best friends of peace now say that it must come to that. The massacre of Sinope, the attack upon Matchin—which is on the Turkish territory, and which was a flagrant breach of the promise made by Russia not to commence an aggressive war—have at last opened the eyes of the most blind. The crossing of the Pruth on the 8th of July last, more than six months since, should have been regarded as an invasion; and had the combined fleets of England and France then entered the Dardanelles, the present war, which next mail may inform us is a European one, might have been avoided. During those six months Russia has not been idle. She has fortified herself strongly in the Principalities; she has had time to concentrate her troops and raised new ones her agents in Persia have induce the Shah of Persia to declare war to Turkey; and if we are to trust very creditable sources she has positively organized an army in Central Asia of 200,000 horsemen of the Mongolian and Tartar tribes—men well armed, hardened to fatigue, and accustomed to traverse immense distances. This army is led against Khiva. The English representative at the Court of Persia has been obliged to leave. The Persian army has been placed under the orders of a Russian general, and it is confidently rumored that Russia will attack England in her Indian possessions at the very commencement of hostilities.

There have been very bad storms in the Black sea. No less than eighty trading vessels are said to have been lost. The weather may have retarded the entrance of the fleets, but next mail will doubtless announce the fact. The feeling in France is so strong for war with Russia that Louis Napoleon, even if so inclined, would find it hazardous to oppose it. In England the general feeling is equally strong.

From the Danube there is no news.—The severe cold prevents any operations.

The reports of the war in Asia must be taken with great caution. Those that have been recently published came nearly all through a Russian, or, what is the same, Austrian source. The accounts received to-day from Constantinople direct are much more favorable to the Turks.

A telegraphic despatch in the *Times* of yesterday states that a fire ship, sent by the Russians to set fire to the combined fleet, had been stopped by the Turks near the Bosphorus. A private letter from Constantinople just received in town in a message confirms the despatch.

The ratification of the treaty between Russia and Persia was done at St. Petersburg, Dec. 18th. The Persians were duly expected to attack Bagdad. Persia has formally accepted Persia's declaration of war.

Three hundred murders per year. The trial of Charles R. Drew, said to be formerly of Lowell, for the murder of Dr. Gillis in the September last, has just been concluded in the court of sessions, San Francisco. Drew shot Gillis under the belief that he had seduced his wife. Verdict, "manslaughter." The district attorney stated before the jury that twelve hundred murders had been committed in that city and county within the last four years, and that only one man had been convicted before a jury.

Bark Saranac, Bigley, which sailed from Boston 3d inst., with molasses, reported to New York, N. C. 13th. It is a practice with Newport vessels to clear from Cuba for a Northern port, when their true destination is Wilmington or Savannah.—Proc. Post.

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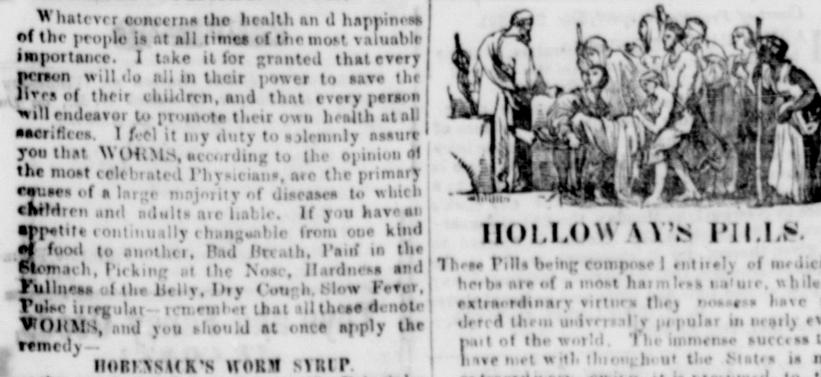
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\$500 CHALLENGE.



THE FAR-FAMED MEDICINE!

Whatever concerns the health and happiness of the people is at all times of the most valuable importance. I take it for granted that every person will do all in their power to save the lives of their children, and that every person will endeavor to promote their own health at all sacrifices. I feel it my duty to solemnly assure you that WORMS, according to the opinion of the most celebrated Physicians, are the primary cause of a large majority of diseases to which children and adults are liable. If you have appetite, easily changed from one kind of food to another, and Breath Paid in the Stomach, Picking at the Nose, Hardness and Fullness of the Belly, Dry Cough, Slow Fever, Pulse irregular—remember that all these denote WORMS, and you should at once apply the remedy—

HOHENACK'S WORM SYRUP.

An article founded upon Scientific Principles compounded with purely Vegetable Substances being perfectly safe when taken, and being given in the smallest quantity with decided beneficial effect, where Bowel Complaints and Diarrhea have made them weak and debilitated, the Tonie properties of my Worm Syrup are such, that it stands without an equal in the catalogue of medicines, in giving tone and strength to the Stomach, which makes it an Infallible remedy for those afflicted with DIARRHEA, the astonishing cures performed by this Syrup after Physicians have failed is the best evidence of its superior efficacy over all others.

THE TAPE WORM.

This is the most difficult Worm to destroy & all that infest the human system, it grows to an almost infinite length, becoming so coiled and fastened in the intestines and stomach, effecting the health as easily as to cause St. Vitus Dance, Fits, &c., that those afflicted seldom if ever suspect that it is Tape Worm hastening them to an early grave. In order to destroy this Worm, a special Syrup has been prepared for the purpose, which would therefore be proper to take 8 or 8 of my Liver Pills, as to remove all obstructions, that the Worm Syrup may act directly upon the Worm, which must be taken in doses of two table-spoons three times a day. These directions followed have never been known to fail in curing the most obstinate case of TAPE WORMS.

READ THIS FOLLOWING!

And you cannot be indifferent to this appeal. Humanity calls you to do your duty. It is only you, of all the many thousand who has seen this wonderful discovery.

Dr. J. N. HOHENACK—Sir:—Gratitude to you, the inventor of a highly valuable medicine, prompts this humble testimony in its favor, as being a safe, gentle, yet powerfully effective remedy for Worms. Having had much experience in knowing the effects of various preparations, my wife, who was well skilled in ministering to children in distress, pronounced it the best she had ever used, and would use no other which could be had.

A daughter of ours became seriously diseased. Her symptoms were alarming, but her mother at once sought for remedy for Worms. Having obtained yours, by the time she had taken half a bottle, O! Sir, the joy it gave an affectionate mother, to see the improvement in her child, she being about five years old. She passed an immense quantity of Worms, her sickly countenance now brightened, her spirits restored, and she now had a lovely child throned with health and strength, above the reach of death. Thanks to a kind Providence, while blessing attending your Syrup, restored the child. With confidence I recommend it to all parents whose children are suffering with Worms.

JAS. B. BOWEN, Minister of the Gospel, Late Pastor of the Southampton Baptist Church.

IT CAUTION!—Remember, then, Parents and all others, that HOHENACK'S WORM SYRUP is the only Medicine in use that will remove all Worms, with certainty, and will disagree with the most delicate Stomach. Be sure to get the genuine article, and see that the signature, "J. N. HOHENACK," is on every bottle.

HOHENACK'S LIVER PILLS.

No part of the system is more liable to disease than the LIVER, it serving as a filter to purify the blood, or giving the proper secretion for the excretion of all waste products of the body. It is to the other important parts of the system, anulus variously in Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, &c. We should, therefore, watch every symptom that might indicate a wrong action of the Liver. These Pills being composed of ROOTS and PLANTS furnished by nature to heal the sick; namely, 1st, an EXPECTORANT, which augments the secretion from the Pulmonary mucus membrane, or promotes the discharge of secreted matter. 2d, an ALTERRATIVE, which changes the complexion, and enables the body to expel the certain bad action of the system. 3d, a TONIC, which gives tone and strength to the nervous system, renewing health and vigor. 4th, a purgative of the body. 4th, a CATHARTIC, which acts in perfect harmony with the other ingredients, and operating on the Bowels, and expelling the whole mass of corrupt and vitiated matter and purifying the Blood, which destroys disease and restores health.

TO FEMALES.

You will find these Pills invaluable remedies for all complaints to which you are subject. In chemistry either total or partial, they have been found of inestimable benefit, restoring their functional arrangements to a healthy action, purifying the blood and other fluids so effectually to put flight all complaints which may arise from female irregularities, as headache, giddiness, dimness of sight, pain in the side, back, &c., and offered to the public as the best Pill for all diseases upon the following

REMEDY.

EDWARD LAMBERT & CO., IMPORTERS AND JOYERS OF

SILK AND FANCY GOODS,

Having removed to their

NEW WAREHOUSE,

NO. 35 CHAMBERS STREET,

NEW YORK.

(Opposite the Park)

Invite the attention of the Trade to their

SPRING IMPORTATION of

RICH SILKS, DRILLS—GOODS,

SHAWLS,

ROBBINS,

EMBROIDERIES, &C.

Merchants throughout the United States are solicited to examine our assortment, which in

NOVELTY, RICHNESS AND VARIETY,

is believed to be unsurpassed in this metropolis,

and is deputed to the wants of the very best trade in this country; all of which will be offered to CASH and first class six months Buyers, on the most favorable terms.

Jan. 1854—S.W.

HERE'S HEALTH FOR THE MILLION.

Only 2 cents for a pint bottle, and 70 cents on

for the mammoth bottle, holding 3 qts.

Very cheap, palatable and healthy

J. CLARKE'S

VEGETABLE

SHERRY WINE BITTERS.

The people's favorite, composed of Rose, Rose Water, Sassafras, Sassafras, Yellow Dock Root, White Cherry, Turnip, Turnip, Prickly Ash, Pepper, Bark, &c. For weakness, loss of appetite, sour stomach, and indigestion, the seat of the stomach, bowels and blood. Try them! All ye loves of good bitters and good health, and you will find them a cheap, effectual and pleasant remedy. The largest bottle the lowest price, and the best bottles in all creation. Manufactured by E. B. Clarke, at his Sarsaparilla Laboratory, Sharon, Mass., and sold here and everywhere by Druggists and Druggists.

Oct. 22 H. YOUNG, Agent for Newport.

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES,

AND LOW PRICES.

New Fall and Winter Goods,

JUST ARRIVED

CONSISTING OF Beaver and Pilot Coats, Devonshire, Kerseys, Petershams and Coating for Over Coats.

Broade cloths, of all Colors, Doeskins, Cassis, Vests, Vermouth, Taffetas, and Satinets.

A large assortment of Embroideries to be had.

Furnishing Goods of all descriptions to be had.

Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!

JOSEPH H. HAMMETT,

Oct. 23 Tailor & Draper

N. B. Cutting particularly attended to.

HENRY H. YOUNG,

DRAPER, DEALER IN

WEST INDIA GOODS, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES, SMOKED PROVISIONS,

Flour, Sugar, Tea, Wines, Fresh Fava Beans,

and Peppermint, Cigars, Fine Oil & Fluid,

Confidential, Fancy Goods, &c.

Nos. 66 & 68 Thames-st., corner Parade, opposite Brick Market.

Goods sold at a moderate profit and sent part of the town free.

March 5

Steam Grist Mill.

J. H. & G. W. PERRY take pleasure in informing their friends and customers that their new Grist Mill, on the Commercial Wharf, is now in operation. All kinds of meal are of the best quality, and can be obtained at the Mill, or at their Red Brick Store, North Side Market Square.

Aug. 6—8m. G. D. W. LAWTON

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Steam Grist Mill.

March 5

R. P. BERRY,

DENTIST,

OFFICE—

CORNER OF THAMES AND MARY STREETS.

Newport, March 20, 1852—1y

TAKE NOTICE.

COOKING STOVES of all the new patterns

BY STATE, MAY FLOWER, PERFECT UNION

BROWNE'S COAL STOVES, &C., &C., &C.

Thames-st.

W. BROWNE.

Jan. 1, 1852.

Pattern Cloaks, received at S. & S.

Thames street. C. W. TURNER'S

20,000 CIGARS of the latest and most

approved Brands; those want

a good cigar will do well to give us a call

also common cigars of all kinds.

PARADE CORNER,

66 & 68 Thames st.

FURNITURE LANTING.

Rich Patterns of English Printed Lants

for Curtains or Furniture covering

For sale by F. LAWTON & BRO.

April 30.

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